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SONGS OF AN ENGLISH ESAU

SONGS OF AN ENGLISH ESAU

BY

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'ONE OF THE BROKEN BRIGADE' 'THE CHICAMON STONE'
'GOLD GOLD IN CARIBOO' ETC.

LONDON

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TO MY WIFE.

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SONGS OF AN ENGLISH ESAU

66

FOREWORD

‘HAST thou no other blessing, O my father,
For me thine hunter?’ It was Esau’s cry,
Who left his brother all the gear to gather,
To tramp free hills and sleep beneath blue
sky.

And Isaac answered, ‘Esau, all is given :
The right to rule ; the gold and easy days :
Thine the wild lands, made rich by dews of
heaven ;
The sword to keep—free feet, to break new
ways.

‘ No gilded cage to cramp thy splendid muscle,
No ceaseless striving for an empty gain,
But strength to throw a new world in the tussle
That makes Man master, and rough places
plain.

‘ Game of a thousand hills for herded cattle ;
Sweet-scented hemlock for thy weary head ;
The wind for harper ; for thy pastime, battle ;
And for thy record, “ In all lands he led.”

‘ And at the last, when Jacob’s yoke is breaking,
When all thy hard-won empires call him
“ lord,”
A startled world, its greedy dreams forsaking,
Shall see thy brother leaning on thy sword.’

Colonial Esau ! wouldest thou change thy
pottage

For Jacob's birthright, morning air for
smoke—

Take Jacob's palace for thy backwoods cottage,
His fettered feet for thine which know no
yoke—

His victories won for thy delight in winning,
His wedded fortunes for the fate you woo,
His work well ended for thy work beginning,
Memories of deeds for deeds still left to do ?

TO MY WIFE

ON a mist-hidden ridge of the mountain
Where the chamois and tûr live alone,
Lies a hunter who watches the fountain,
And the stars watch the hunter, mine own.
There's just room for his rifle beside him,
Just room for his guide at his feet ;
Some two dozen inches divide him
From death, and eternity, sweet.
The mountain with gray hoary fingers
Points up to the heaven above :
He kneels to his God first—then lingers,
And wistfully dreams of his love.
The torrent that rages beneath him
Just makes itself heard in a moan,

While the thunder-clouds, stooping, enwreath
him

And curtain his pillow of stone.

The lightning that gleams on his face, girl,
Finds a smile born of thinking of thee ;

And the storm wind that swept o'er the place,
girl,

Took a love message over the sea :

For soft grows the pillow of stone, dear,
All the mountain with beauty is rife ;

There is nothing for him to bemoan, dear,
Who can trust in his God and his wife.

A SONG OF THE AXE

WHEN winter winds storm, and the snow-flakes
swarm,

And the forest is soft to our tread ;

When the women folk sit by their fires fresh lit,
Oh, ho, for the tuque of red !

With our strong arms bare, it's little we care
For politics, rates, or tax ;

Let the good steel ring on the forest king—
Oh, ho, for the swing of the axe !

Your diamonds may glitter, your rubies flame,
Our gems are but frozen dew ;
Yet yours grow tame, being always the same,
Ours every night will renew.

Let the world rip : tighten your grip,
 Make the blades glitter and shine ;
At it you go, swing to each blow,
 And down with the pride of the pine.

For the trees, I ween, which have long grown
 green
In the light of the sun and the stars,
Must bend their backs to the lumberer's axe,
 Mere timber and planks and spars.
Then oh, ho, ho, for the carpet of snow,
 Oh, ho, for the forest of pine !
Wealth shall be yours, with its business and
 bores,
Health and hard labour be mine.

TO BURNABY

AND THE CORRESPONDENTS

POETS, a verse where tears shall somewhat soften
The pride a soldier nation can but feel,
That he who sought and vanquished death so
often
Should die as he would wish to die, by steel.

Soldiers, a wreath, a wreath of laurels gory,
For those who shared your lives, your dangers
shared,
To set your fame in their immortal story,
Daring themselves whatever you have dared.

First in the fight, heralds of fame in battle,
Comrades in death, their pens with life blood
wet,

No wonder if war's music and war's rattle
Ring in the lines of their despatches yet.

.

A handful to ten thousand, in your keeping
The army's safety—more your country's
fame—

You stood, the desert's knighthood o'er you
sweeping,
A rock of valour islanded in flame.

Has Arthur's spirit fled? Nay! *statesmen*
blunder,
But knights and troubadours are with us still;
We vacillate at home—the battle's thunder
Finds us still lords of an unshaken will!

IS CANADA LOYAL?

Is Canada loyal? Who dares to ask? Are
your colonists' veins

Ducts for some colourless fluid, or red with the
blood that stains

The bosom of all the earth from Plassy to
Abraham's Plains?

Blood that is hot from the north, fresh with
the salt of the sea,

Strong with the strength of sires who have
never been aught but free;

True with the truth of those whose creed has
been loyalty.

We, who have won you a world, from the Pole
to the Boundary Line,
Through the Land of the Lakes in the east, to
the land of the Douglas Pine,
Hewing our road with the axe, winning our
wealth in the mine—

Have we seemed to forget? Here where our
furthest fleet
Rides on the selfsame wave that rolls to the
Russian's feet,
Named in the name of the Queen is the town
where our Parliaments meet.

God! how we love you still! Do you think
in the hours of gloom
There comes no whisper of home? Look where
our dead find room!
Are those *native* flowers you find, heather and
rose and broom?

Those who have stayed may not hear the beat
of their hearts in the crowd :

We of the prairies hear, and are not to be
bought or cowed.

British in Britain's van, have we no right to
be proud ?

War ? We would rather peace ; but, mother,
if fight you must,

There be none of your sons on whom you can
lean with a surer trust ;

Bone of your bone are we, and in death would
be dust of your dust.

ODE FOR THE DIAMOND JUBILEE

WITH throats unsteady, eyes by love made
dim,

O Queen, the people of your last vedette
Turn towards their home and lift their hearts
to Him—

Hearts that cannot forget.

We who have known no master—who were
hurled

By the old Wander Spirit of your seas
Into wild space to found another world—
We, mother, bend our knees—

Not for ourselves. We scarce find time to pray,
Breaking new lands where feebler folk may
glean—

Prayers for the night, deeds for our waking day,
Only 'God save our Queen.'

God save the Queen. Our dimpled children sing
The same grand anthem with dear baby
breath

That rang to heaven when Allan Wilson's ring
Taught men the pride of death.

God save the Queen. From formless isles
where wind
Storm-shadowed pathways of the homing seal
Through driven spume, through fog banks
murk and blind,
God hears the same appeal.

Thy workers' voices many million strong
Bear to God's throne the prayer of sixty years ;
From wan white lips—through nights by pain
made long
A deeper note He hears.

O Queen, thou knowest we have lived and died
To set thy name all royal names above ;
Sweet-hearted woman, more than Britain's
pride
Thou countest Britain's love.

Therefore to-morrow sons who stand apart
In every realm within the Almighty's ken,
Hearing the throb that shakes a nation's heart,
Shall swell our Great Amen.

THE KOOTENAY PROSPECTOR

LAY that there in the shadow—for God's sake
don't call it him ;
That bundle of frozen clothing, we found in
the drift, ain't Jim.
Not Jim as I knew, my partner—Jim fit and
strong as an ox,
That thing, without muscle or movement, and
as limp as my sodden socks !
Leave that alone in the shadow, an' pile a log
on the fire.
Jim's gone, I guess, where the sparks go, a'
climbin' higher and higher.

Not that *they* gets there neither. That log
sucked sunlight and dew
In bygone springs when it budded, where the
yellow snowdrops grew.
And now it's goin' to nothin' but ash an' a
feeble spark
That wavers away towards heaven and goes
out, of course, in the dark.
Climbin' ! is that all we're made for, like the
armies of silent pine
Which climb and climb on for ever from the
gulch to the timber line ?
Not one in a million gets there ; when they do
they wither and die.
See them ? whitened, withered, wind-twisted,
corpse-trees in a winter sky.
• • • • •
Prospectin' ! that's what they call it. Hard
labour, an' hunger an' cold—

That's what prospectin' is, mates—a hunt for
a devil—gold !

Gold as buys women and whisky—hands shaky
and eyesight dim,

An' a lot of bummers to suck you dry, but
never a pal like Jim.

That wasn't the way as Jim talked ? No, that
wasn't the way Jim thought.

He worked 'cos he loved the labour ; he was
born to fight, so he fought.

He loved the hardship, the danger ; black
canyon or shifting glide—

I've seen him laugh at the risks he took at the
very place where he died.

An' it *was* a game worth playing, alone, at the
heart of the world,

Where the mighty snowslides thundered an'
the long gray vapours curled,
When we, mere pygmies, ventured to storm
Creation's hold ;
Staked our lives on the blindest bluff, an' played
the World for her gold ;
Climbed to the Throne of Mornin' ; sank shafts
to the roof of Hell,
Till the hot air scorched our faces, an' water
hissed as it fell ;
Worked like men in the daytime ; slept 'neath
the sweet-breathed trees,
Lulled by the drone of the foamin' crik and the
song of the chickadees.
We had great things then for our comrades,
the Forces of Earth for foes ;
There's one of us down in the battle, an' another
don't care when he goes.

• • • • •

They laughed in our face in the cities, the fat
smug cities back east,

Thought we were both of us luny, something
half man, half beast.

Cities ! My God ! we build 'em. Do you mind
how Rossland rose ?

Do you mind the first log shanty we built
amongst the snows ?

Do you mind how two years later their iron
horses raced

From north and south the Boundary Line to the
goal that he had placed ?

And now there are twice three thousand where
then there were no but three,

But devil a one in Rossland town has heered
of Jim or me.

.

Do you mind the fire at Kaslo, or the storm
that drowned her out ?

We warmed our hands at the blazing shacks
and rebuilt in a water spout.

Do you mind? Ay! ay! you mind it, and
that, my God, is the end,
Nerveless, speechless, sightless, and deaf to
the voice of its friend.

No! no! it is not in reason; I know that the
heavens are far,
But [I don't believe that the sparks go out;
I know that they reach the star.

THE WESTERN PIONEER

I CAN hear the willows whisperin', 'way down
the Arctic Slope,
Every shiverin' little leaflet gray with fear;
There's no colour in the heavens, and on earth
there seems no hope,
And the shadow of the winter's on the year.

An' it's lonesome, lonesome, lonesome, when
the russet gold is shed,
An' the naked world stands waitin' for the
Doom,
With the northern witchi-fires dancin' in the
silence overhead,
An' my camp fire just an island in the gloom.

When the very bears are hidin' from the Terror

that's to come,

An' the unseen wings above me whistle south,

When, except the groanin' pine trees and the
willows, nature's dumb,

And the river roadway freezes to its mouth.

But I cannot strike the home trail : I would
not if I could,

An' I want no other's smoke across my sky ;

When I drop, I'll drop alone, as alone I've
allus stood,

On the frontier where I've led, let me die.

I wouldn't know men's language : I couldn't
think their thought,

I couldn't bear the hurry of mankind,

Where every acre's built on, where all God
made is bought,

And they'd almost make a hireling of the wind.

I've been allus in the lead since I grew grass
high,
Since my father's prairie schooner left the
Known
For a port beyond the sky-line, never seen by
human eye,
Where God and God's creation dwell alone.

'Way back I heard men callin'; one woman's
voice was fond,
An' the rich lands towards harvest murmured
'Rest;'
But a sweeter voice kept callin', from the
Unexplored Beyond,
A wild voice in the mountains callin' 'West.'

I heard it in the foot hills—then I climbed the
great Divide
In the canyon—and I faced the rapids' roar;

In the little breeze at dawnin', in the dusk at
eventide,
The voice that kept a callin' went before.

My crooked hands are empty: my six-foot
frame is bent,
There ain't nothin' but my trail to leave behind,
An' the voice that I have followed has not told
me what it meant,
An' the eyes that sought a sign are nearly
blind;

But I hear it callin' still, as I lay me down to rest,
An' I dream the voice I love has never lied,
That I hear a People comin', the Great People
of the West,
An' maybe 'twas His voice callin' me to guide.

OUR WESTERN GIRL

WHERE the sage brush rolls in an infinite flood
As far as the eye can see,
Where the strong air works like wine in the
blood
As you ride through flowers to the knee ;

Where the width of a world, unfenced, unwon,
Waits always the men who dare,
And the galloping hoofs of your unshod dun
Ring the knell of that old knave Care ;

There's a girl to be wooed if your hand be strong,
To be won if your heart be true,

A girl with a laugh like a lavrock's song,
And eyes of the Viking blue.

When the hounds run mute and the best men
ride,
And the wolf's life hangs on his speed,
There's never a man in the country side
Can *live* with that girl in the lead.

Her brown hair kissed by the morning sun
Blows wild in the prairie breeze ;
Her eyes are French in their wayward fun,
But deep as the English seas ;

Her dear little hands are as brown as a nut,
Not baby things merely for show,
But light on the bridle and firm on the butt,
And tender—as sufferers know.

A girl she is when the skies are bright,

A woman when life goes wrong ;

Sweetness in sunshine—in darkness, light ;

Saucy and straight and strong.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

SHAKE ! cries a voice from the mountain ;
Shake ! shouts a voice from the mine ;
Shake ! let the hands of brothers
Meet over the Boundary Line—

Hands that as hands of children
Clasped round one mother's knee ;
That old old love they look back to,
That country over the sea ;

Hands that as hands of workers
Have twisted the world to their will—
Have caught the angel of thunder,
And set him to drive a drill.

The wealth of the world's in their pocket,
The trade of the world is theirs,
Their ships can unloose it or lock it,
The Powers may grumble. Who cares ?

Shake ! Let the hand of England
Go out to the hand of The States ;
Let the hands which rule the nations
Meet in one grip—as mates.

Why should *we* stand asunder—
We ! men of one speech, one birth ?
Shake ! and God only under,
Be absolute Lords of the Earth.

TRAWLING OUT

GREEN-GRAY is the sea of sage brush ; gray-green are the waves of the sea ;
Gray-green are the hemlock and cedar ; and
gray is the heart in me.

The forests are armies of giants, dumb giants ;
here no birds sing,
Here dance no lights with the shadows, no ivy
or clematis cling.

The mountains are haunted, silent ; words die
on the lips unsaid ;
The wolf is howling with hunger ; hunger
wheels on wide wings overhead.

I crawl towards the far horizon, an atom
drifting through Space,
Past the bones and the buffalo wallows, by the
trails of a vanished race.

And I long for the choir of skylarks, for the
coo of the mating dove,
For the liquid note of the throstle's throat, for
the songs of the land I love,

For the hum of the mighty cities, for the faces
which come and pass,
For the voices of spring when streamlets sing,
and the murmur of life in the grass,

For the sweet sweet breath of the beanfields,
the scent of the fresh-turned sod,
For arms which wait by my cottage gate, and
the bells which cry to God.

I am man, and the world is mighty. Should
I die thus alone outcast,
Would my soul in the end find the soul of a
friend, and win to its love at last ?

*THE CHAIN OF EMPIRE**ROSS BAY CEMETERY, BRITISH COLUMBIA*

THROUGH gray salt grass, the April breezes
creep;

To your still feet the long blue rollers swing ;
The drowsy sea fowl mutter in their sleep ;
Above your headstones honeysuckles cling,
Flowers of your Eastern home, your English
spring.

Silent your camp ! The last camp on that trail
Worn between oceans by your tireless feet ;
Yet where a new sea spreads, where dry lands
fail,

Where East and West, where old and new
worlds meet,
Your gray nurse welcomes you, your work
complete.

Wayfaring children, gathered round her breast,
Your sea nurse murmurs in your slumbering
ears

The same brave song that stirred or lulled to rest
The stormy hearts of those, your sires and
peers,

Vikings, and Conquerors, and Pioneers,

Whose oaken keels ploughed roads through
seas unknown,

To shores unnamed, till English swords had
writ

Some word of Empire on them. Far and lone

Like fledgling eagles, England's outposts sit.
'Twas theirs to win ; it has been yours to knit.

Through black battalions, whence the Wood
Lords creep,

Whitening with age, towards the peaks of
God ;

O'er dizzy fields, where snow slides plough and
reap ;

Through those lone lands, where Time and
Death abode

With Nature brooding, till your brave feet
trod,

Ye drove your way. Now red from main to main
Your camp fires smoulder still. Around them
grow

The home fires of your people, one long chain

Through apple bloom, and gold of corn, and
snow,

The chain of love—the only chain they know.

• • • • •

Where were you when the Spirit called you
forth?

Dreaming, in old world gardens sweet with
stocks,

Or, 'mid the purple heather of the North
Watching the wanderings of your half wild
flocks,

Till some white gull's wing glistened o'er the
rocks

And took your eyes out seaward, where the wind
Filled the strong sails, and mocked your idle
rest?

How could you, Viking-bred, have stayed
behind,

You who had sucked at that old mother's
breast,
Whose children win the world, from East to
West ?

How could you go ? Whilst Spring with cuckoo
calls,
With all the music in which wood-birds woo,
With hymning larks, and hedgerow madrigals
Girlish with sunshine, sweet with cushats'
coo,
Bade you to dream ; how did you dare to do ?

Nay rather, could you stay ? Through warm
red loam
Ran the sea rovers' path. A wild salt scent
Blown over seas, pierced through the apple
bloom ;

The dove's soft voice with Ocean's call was
blent.

You could not stay ; you could not be content.

How could you rest ? whilst thick on every hand
The air grew foul with smoke, men cried for
bread,

With half a world untrod, they prayed for land,
For room to breathe, for leave to work and
wed.

They needed leaders. God be praised, you
led.

What was it that ye slew ? An old world's
gloom.

What won ? A staunching of sweet woman's
tears ;

Bread for the children ; for the strong men,
room ;

Empire for Britain ; for your failing years
Rest, in the front rank of Her pioneers.

O seed of Empire ! Stones on which we set
That Greater Britain, which is yet to be ;
Here, where the furthest West and East are
met,
Sleep, whilst your old nurse croons for lullaby,
Thanks of a Realm, that owes you Unity.

A WESTERN YACHTING SONG

OH, my dainty coquette has her white sails set,
She curtsies and bends to the Breeze.

Come along ! come along ! is this wild lover's
song,

But the kiss that she takes is the Sea's.

Coquette to the core, she mocks at the shore
As she sees its green knolls go by,
Though she lies there at rest when the savage
south-west
Makes the spume and the black clouds fly.

But the shore is too safe for my white-winged
waif,
The voice of the breeze too sweet ;

She is filled with the pain of the restless main
In the month when the seasons meet.

'Tis an April breeze treads the April seas ;
April ! sings bird to mate ;
So she longs to go, and she longs to know ;
She is woman, and will not wait.

She yearns to be kist by the violent mist
That coils round the mountain's feet ;
She must race till she rest in the dream-loving
west,
Where the blue and the deep blue meet.

So I give her her will, and her strong sails fill
With innocent sweet desire,
While the Lord of the Day strikes the gun-
barrel gray
Of the waves with his shafts of fire,

Till the fields of the sea glow a mystery
Of sapphire and golden green,
Threaded and lined by that artist the wind
In a dazzle of damascene.

All the merry day long the Sea gives her song,
And she drinks of his strong sweet brine ;
While her lover the Breeze brings her odour of
trees,
But the heart of coquette is mine.

THE SEA QUEEN WAKES

The flying squadron, which together with the existing available squadrons with which it is proposed to join it will form the most powerful fleet of war vessels ever put afloat.
Excerpt from the 'Colonist,' January 11, 1896.

SHE wakes ! in the furthest West the murmur
has reached our ears.

She wakes ! in the furthest East the Russian
listens and fears—

She wakes ! the ravens clamour, the winds cry
overhead ;

The wandering waves take up the cry, 'She
wakes whom Nations dread !'

At last, ye have roused the Sea Queen ; at last,
when the World unites

She stirs from her scornful silence, and wakes
to Her last of fights.

Alone, with a World against Her, She has
turned on the snarling crew,
No longer the Peaceful Trader, but the Viking
North Seas knew.

She calls, and Her ships of battle—dragons Her
seas have bred—
Glide into Plymouth harbour, and gather round
Beachy Head.
She wakes ! and the clang of arming echoes
through all the Earth,
The ring of warriors' weapons ; stern music of
soldiers' mirth.

In the world there be many nations, and there
gathers round every Throne
The strength of *earth-born* armies, but the sea
is England's own.

As She ruled, She still shall rule it, from
Plymouth to Esquimalt,
As long as the winds are tameless—as long as
the waves are salt.

This may be our Armageddon : seas may purple
with blood and flame

As we go to our rest forever, leaving the world
a name.

What matter? There have been none like us,
nor any to tame our pride ;

If we fall, we shall fall as they fell, die as our
Fathers died—

What better? The seas that bred us shall
rock us to rest at last,

If we sink with the Jack still flying nailed to
the Nation's mast.

THE U.E. LOYALISTS

THERE is a voice in the markets—the voice of
the Little Men,
Whose pulses beat in their pockets, whose
black blood flows in the pen ;
Men they be of the Present, who had no share
in our Then.

These whisper of annexation, and a shudder
creeps over the sod
Wherever our best blood dyed it, wherever a
Loyalist trod,
Lest the land they won for England should at
last take Greed for its God.

But the pines which have lived for ever sing a
song of the elder years,
Strong with the strength of manhood, liquid
with woman's tears—
A song that they learned in the old time from
Virginia's Cavaliers.

The waves which know the English still shout
that song round Maine,
Of love revealed in sacrifice, of courage proved
by pain,
Of the burden borne for England, and the
strength that stood the strain.

It was autumn: the swamps were crimson
where the maples died in flame,
Crimson the fields with slaughter, and crimson
men's brows with shame;
A cloud hung over the pine-woods, and a cloud
on the English name—

For she who had held her eyry at the gates of
the Inner Main,

Whilst Eliott mocked the Frenchman and
laughed in the beard of Spain,

Who lit the seas with her foemen's fleets, and
glutted hell with their slain—

She who alone, unaided, had brought the East
to its knee,

Whose merchants builded empires, whose
Vikings swept the sea,

Had sold her soul for a trader's toll, forgetting
her sons were free ;

Had hardened her heart to her children ; was
deaf to the voice of Pitt,

Who had led her in love from her ashes to the
throne where sea-gods sit,

Till the swords which rebuilt her Empire were
drawn to dismember it—

Till those who would not betray her, who
loathed the deed of Lee,
Had to choose between their England and
death on the gallows-tree—
It was ‘Loyalist lands for the Rebels ; short
shrift for the Refugee.’

There were thirty thousand loyal, there were
thirty thousand tried ;
And a man may face starvation, but not with a
wife at his side,
And this way pleaded Prudence, and that way
pleaded Pride.

But our ladies’ lips were loyal, our ladies’ hearts
were high,
And their song was a call to battle, though it
closed in a woman’s sigh,
This song first sung in a homestead as Butler’s
men went by.

SONG OF THE WIFE

It's hard to leave the land we loved, the land
your fathers won ;
It's hard to think the dear old days, our sweet-
heart days, are done ;
It's hard to think the men you ruled will never
know our son.

I know the field where corn-sheaves stand with
Robin's blood is wet :
I mind a thousand childish things that you, old
man, forget ;
But, Dick, if we be old and gray, our hearts
are English yet.

Do you mind the lanes, the bonny lanes? How
sweet the hawthorn smelt!

Do you mind the church, the dear old church,
where you and I once knelt?

Do you mind the name you gave me, Dick, and
the honour that it spelt?

Do you mind the vows we plighted when these
dim eyes were blue?

Do you mind a time in all these years that
you've had cause to rue?

If not, Dick, be the man you are—as I've been
true, be true.

They left the homes of their fathers, by sorrow
and love made sweet ;

Halls that had rung a hundred years to the
tread of their people's feet;

The farms they had carved from the forest
where the maples and pine-trees meet.

He left his years of manhood, he left his place
of pride ;

And she, she left the little room where her first
baby died.

Ah, God ! how each familiar thing to that fond
mother cried !

The rebels held our homesteads ; 'Ours' laid
them down in the moss.

The world was loud with their triumph ; the
woods were dumb with our loss.

They sat on the throne as victors ; the throne
of our love was a cross.

'Mid slow, soft-footed things that creep at the
edge of the eve and dawn,

The women went with their young ones, as a
doe goes by with her fawn,

While the men they loved went on before, guns
ready and sabres drawn.

They passed down the silent rivers which flow
to the mighty lake ;
They left what they'd made for England (but
those who have made can make),
And founded a new dominion for God and their
country's sake.

.

Ay, talk of annexation, and our men may lend
their ears
When your land has matched the courage of
Brock's baby volunteers—¹
When your land has writ its story in men's
blood and woman's tears.

But whilst the Jack is waving, and the land we
love replies
In the red and white of orchards, in our blue
Canadian skies,

¹ There were volunteers of ten in Brock's troops.

If a man dare call us 'traitors'—by the God of Heaven ! he lies.

HISTORICAL NOTE

Looking back from the Peace of Versailles (1782), a man of that day would have been reminded of the depth of England's humiliation before Pitt, her 'idol and the terror of France, had raised his country to the height of glory'—would have heard in fancy the cannon of the Tower and the bells of the Abbey proclaiming the victories of Clive in India ; of those great sea captains, Rodney, Anson, and Howe ; or of gallant Sir George Eliott, who kept the Rock three years against the power of France and Spain.

In the period upon which he looked back there would be much to make an English heart swell with pride ; but the deed of his own day was finer than any done in the days of Pitt as an example of what men of our blood will do and suffer for England.

In 1776 an attempt to levy a certain tax drove our American Colonists into revolt. In 1782 that revolt ended in the separation of the United States from England. From the first the Colonists were *unanimous* in resenting the imposition of the tax, but were *divided* as to the means for obtaining redress of their grievances. Some relied upon the influence of such men at home as Pitt, Burke, and Fox, and

upon constitutional measures ; others, loud-tongued, and more loyal perhaps to their own interests than to any sentiment, clamoured for separation.

Through the long years of the war the Loyalists fought, against their neighbours and their own interests, for a country many of them had never seen, and at the end of the war they had their reward. The Liberty men prevailed.

Before the war, the Loyalists were for the most part leading men in their several Colonies, rich in lands and in repute. At the end of the war it is recorded that the New York Legislature enacted that 'all Loyalists found within the States should be adjudged guilty of misprision of high treason, and that all such were for ever ineligible as voters, and disqualified from enjoying any legislative, judicial, or executive office ;' that Massachusetts denounced death against 380 of her people, without judge, jury, opportunity of defence, or benefit of clergy, because they were reported to be Loyalists ; that such men as the Doanes, Sewalls, Robinsons, and others were tarred and feathered ; and that, generally, Loyalists were driven out, their homes confiscated, and Indians even set upon their track to hound them down, because they had loved England more than they had loathed oppression. And yet, in spite of all this, marvellous as it may seem, very few flinched. These men who had fought for England were ready to suffer for her. To the number of 30,000 they set their faces to the North, and, wandering down rivers and through forests, settled round the Lake Ontario and founded Upper Canada. England showed her appreciation of their devotion by voting 10,000,000/. to repair their losses : Canada showed the quality of her love

by the fact that not one in ten of the United Empire Loyalists either asked for this aid or took it.

But they took the badge which the Mother Country gave, and wear it with pride to-day ; and it is well that those who talk of annexation should know what the letters U.E. mean, and that not only in Ontario (Canada's heart), but all through the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the spirit of the United Empire Loyalists still lives and has to be counted with.

FOOLED

NIGHT in the pines ! in the black bull-pines
On the height of the bleak divide,
Where the year-long gloom of the sullen north
And the snows of the last fall bide !

Tracks in the snow of the wandering bear,
The hoot of a questing owl,
Sobbing of winds that have lost their way—
From the lake, a gray wolf's howl ;

Flakes that hiss in my dying fire,
Thoughts that burn in my brain,
' Have I bartered my soul for the world's desire
To get me a bond slave's chain ? '

I see the fires of a thousand camps
From the Randt to the Arctic Slope,
Strung over the world like a line of lamps
On the endless road of Hope.

I heard the song of a thousand creeks
Washing coarse gold from the hill,
The day-long beat of the pack train's feet,
The monotonous ring of the drill.

The mist rolled off from the red-brown fern
As I rose with the dew in my hair ;
Sodden and stiff with a long day's toil,
I crept half dead to my lair ;

My body stained with the rust-red drip
Which dropped from my master's hold,
My soul dyed red with a deeper stain,
The stain of that devil—Gold.

My loins grew bent, my hands grew crooked,
My eyes grew blear and dim,
Away from the light of the blessed day
In the holes where I followed Him.

Toiling for millions I could not use,
While the life I might use went by,
What wonder the Devil laughs loud to-night
As he watches his bond slave die !

Ho ! ho ! is that only the questing owl?
Or is it the Thing I sought?
The Thing that promised 'the world fenced in'—
That, promising all, gave nought—

The Thing that blinks in the river sand,
That glares from the night-black shaft?
Was it the call of a hunting owl,
Or was it a devil laughed ?

There were brave days too, when my birch canoe
Shot down along streams unknown,
Where the alders budded, a rose gray fringe,
And the great fish flashed and shone.

Longfellow

When I climbed from the hot lush cedar woods
To the snows of the mountain goat,
Nature was with me in many moods—
I had only eyes for 'float.'¹

I heard no sigh in the stately trees,
No voice from the God above ;
I asked no pleasure, I sought no ease ;
I laughed at the dear word 'love.'

That was for fools in the world below,
The world I would have and hold,
With all that it knew or I cared to know,
When I'd won me the key to it—Gold.

¹ 'Float' is detached fragments of a mineral-bearing reef.

Hog-like I rooted where wild flowers cling ;
I drilled the Earth to her core ;
I found her sweet as a maid in spring,
I left her a brazen whore.

Lurid and loud the smelter rose
In the place where the Douglas¹ grew,
From the scented silence of forest moss,
Till it rocked and dreamed in the blue.

Then the men swarmed in, and the wild things
went,
And the voices of birds grew still,
And the ring of the builder's tool was blent
With the miner's blasts in the hill.

Men felled God's forests ; His rocks they
scarred ;
The silence of God they broke ;

¹ Douglas pine.

His beauty they changed to a builder's yard,
His sun they veiled with their smoke.

From the heart of the place came a roaring
sound
Of engines men build and weld,
A throb and a beat and a liquid heat,
And the scream of a power hard held,

The upward leap of ravenous flames,
The ceaseless whir of the wheels,
The livid hues of the molten rock
That writhes like a thing that feels.

'Twas red, warm red, gold red all day ;
It was red, blood red all night ;
No pale priest's prayer could fright men there,
No God's sword reach to smite !

Let me crawl back to the world I know,
Where the brute men strove and bled ;
Give me fires of hell for your fields of snow ;
It is silence and sight I dread.

Thy skies, Lord Christ, are cruel clear,
Thy snows too saintly white ;
I cannot bide on the mountain side,
I dare not die in the night.

The Great Assayer will rack my soul
From crucible to cupel ;
I have learned the value of gold on earth—
' Ho ! ho ! you shall learn it in hell.'

FEBRUARY 22

THE sou'-west harps and the great pines sway ;
It is winter, and the young Spring waits ;
The sun is blind with the freezing spray,
The snow storms drive and the woods grow
gray,
And the gray seas roar through the Straits.

There are sobs in the wind and wrecks in the
night ;
It is winter, and the young Spring waits ;
The snow peaks frown and the wolds grow
white,
The sun has no warmth and the day no light,
And the sea bird screams to its mates.

In the shifting gloom the pale ghosts crowd ;
It is winter, and the young Spring waits ;
There are voices we loved in the flying cloud,
The earth is a tomb and the sky a shroud,
And the mourners stay at the gates.

But the gray fog breaks and the strong sun
shines ;
It *was* winter, but the young Spring came,
With colour in the grass and scent in the pines,
With sweet young leaves on the eglantines,
And a thought of a sweetheart's name,

Brown buds in the oak and life in the rain,
Sap in the willow and birds to sing,
A diamond dazzle on mead and main,
The cry and the clang of the wild fowl's skein,
The lowing of cattle and beat of wing.

The far peaks glow, the dumb streams flow,
The fierce waves kiss and cling ;
There's a God above and a girl below,
And the world is glad, for her children know
It is Spring ! it is Spring ! it is Spring !

A CONTRAST

(*Vancouver, May 1787*)

SUN and a dreamy breeze ; the sweet strong
scent of the brine ;

The song of a world that waits, crooned by the
swaying pine ;

• Or rain that was heavy and soft, and maddened
the Earth like wine.

Feet that stole through the moss ; sun-warmed
shadows that crept

Over the sleeping hills, over the trees that slept ;
Or an idle Indian's sail that gleamed where the

salmon leapt.

A land of uncounted time, of careless infinite
rest,

Where the stir, if stir there was, was the stir
of a dreamer's breast,

That rose with the rise and fall of the golden
heart of the West.

By a measureless unsailed sea, whose ways
were travelled and known,

By the migrant herds of the whale and the seals
of the Arctic zone,

A world as its Maker made it, unpeopled,
unspoiled, alone.

(*Vancouver, May 1887*)

Scent of the new-sawn cedar, scars on the
bosom of Earth,

The fretful song of the saw as it grinds through
the giant's girth,

Ruin and waste of woodland, the throes of a town at birth.

Growths that thrust through the sidewalk,
growths forced back by the fence,
The rankness of *virgin* forest, deep rooted,
prodigal, dense,
The clamour of man and Nature, silent—inert
—immense.

Feet on the sidewalk eager, noisy, confident,
quick,
Where the deer stole by in the moonlight, and
the wapiti used to pick
Their dainty steps on the carpet moss-woven,
soundless, and thick.

The voice of Nature silenced, save for the frogs
in the fen,

Claiming their ancient holdings, monotonous,
manifold—then
The scream of the locomotive, the voices and
homes of men.

THE COLONISTS' PRAYER

February 1901.

WE be rude men, O Lord, who in lone woods,
Having learned the lessons that Thy moun-
tains teach,
Hold silence worthier, in our earnest moods,
Than easy-flowing speech.

Nay, more, O Lord ! The stricken of *our* race
Are taught to close the lips and lift the
head ;
Only the sea keens round our burial place,
Dry-eyed we face our dead.

As men who burst, unthinking, on the sea,
Or climb the crags from which the mornings
glide,
Blinded and dumb, we bend a nation's knee,
By Her who was Our Pride.

There be no words to Nature's greatest songs,
There be no words for Britain's greatest woe ;
But Thou, to Whom the secret heart belongs,
Thou, Britain's God, must know

How Britain loved Her ; how our heads went
higher
When, in strange lands, the singing of Her
name,
In that old song which breathed our hearts'
desire,
Set every cheek aflame ;

And Thou, who contest Nature more than Art,
Who seest what is not patent to the crowd,
Thou know'st the unuttered sorrow of the heart
Is truer than the loud

Sweet Minster music. Therefore, Father, heed
The motherless children of the northern sea,
Who cry to Thee in this their bitterest need,
Asking no gift of Thee

For their own profit chiefly, but Her sake,
Who, being the very Spirit of Britain, willed
Her scattered Empire one sound whole to make,
With every discord stilled.

Weld us in one, with Thee, O Lord, for Head ;
Call in Her children from all seas, all lands,
And in Her memory, round their Mother's bed
For ever join their hands.

STRATHCONA'S CAVALIERS

Do you hear the spurs a-ringing through the
wide nor'-west,

Where our prairie cattle scrape away the
snow?

Do you hear the hearts a-beating of our bravest
and our best,

Though Fahrenheit marks forty-five below?

Do you hear the crisp snow crunching on twilit
northern trails?

Do you see the homing shadows cross the
white?

Jewel bright the Arctic moonlight, but it's death
to him who fails
To keep his tired feet moving through the
night.

These have heard the Voice a-calling, the Voice
they've known for years,
The Voice that stirs the hearts of such as
these ;
And they're coming from the Lone Lands,
Strathcona's Cavaliers,
To the aid of Her who bred them over seas.

They be wardens of our marches, the pilgrims
of our plains,
The woodsmen from waste places in the
West,

With the blood of Rupert's riders running redly
through their veins,
And the only thing the devils dread is rest.

Take and tire them if you're able ; lose or lick
them if you can ;
Find something they won't venture or can't
ride ;
Let the bronco buck its skin off, we're prepared
to bet our man
Will be found securely sitting on its hide.

They have held uncounted cattle when the
nights were dark as doom,
They have played with Arctic rapids for their
lives,

They have known the pinch of hunger, and the
chill of forest gloom,
And the struggle where the strong alone
survives.

From the blood that you have lent us take the
best that we have bred,
Taught and tempered where men have to
stand alone ;
As Strathcona's heart their hearts are ; if you
count them with your dead,
You shall count them in the front rank of
your own.

AN INVITATION

WE have broken the trail from East to West,
We have clambered the Great Divide,
We have cut our road through the mountain's
crest,
And the gates lie open wide.

We have won our way to The Young Man's Land
From the haunts of creeping greed,
Where they reckon a man by his gold in hand,
And not by the worth of his deed.

We have ploughed our deserts, reaped our snow,
We have stormed the New World's hold,

We have staked our lives on a gambler's throw,
And the least we have won is gold.

Now, if ye dream as your Rupert dreamed,
If ye dare as our Douglas did,
When our world an ocean of mountains seemed,
When her golden heart lay hid ;

If ye need space for your crowded race,
We have won you lands to spare,
And the greatest ocean on all Earth's face
Waits for ships with your British ware.

If ye cry for bread, lo ! our prairie land
Brims over with golden grain ;
If ye yearn for the help of a brother's hand,
Ye'll not yearn here in vain.

We bid you welcome and enter in,
To work as your fathers wrought,
If ye keep the faiths of your Saxon kin,
And the laws our Begbie taught.

TO BRITAIN'S 'GRAND ROUNDS'

You have heard your sentries challenge

From every seaward head :

You have found young nations growing

Wherever we sowed our dead.

You have felt the Heart of Empire

In the far lands, throb and stir ;

You have seen eyes flash a welcome

That but late grew dim for Her.

You have learned how men forgotten

In the time of need forget ;

You have seen Your Builders building—

Their lives are the stones they set.

You have tried the Chain that binds us,
Have you found its links unworn ?
The Chain that binds Earth's wand'ring race
To the Home where it was born ;

The Chain that the Children fashioned,
From the love of early years,
Love inborn, tempered, tested,
By distance, and time, and tears.

You have heard—can You read the meaning
Of the voiceless cry, the throe
That shakes our camps from Earth's red heart
To plains of the sunless snow ?

If You can, take the Children's message :
' By deeds we do and have done,
By the love we bear for England,
By our Oath to the Great Queen's Son ;

‘ By the fame that we share in common,
By the blood we were proud to shed,
By those that sleep in God’s keeping,
Our own, and our Royal Dead—

‘ Hear now our heart’s cry and help us,
Great Son of Her Royal Son,
Pray Your Father gather His people,
And make of His Nations—One.

‘ And if he needs soldiers, send us
Seed corn from Home we may sow ;
Since love comes of knowing, blend us
Only with Britons who know.’

To pass, Grand Rounds, with this password,
While the World’s Way rocks and rings,
And your sea beasts bay a welcome
To the Son of our Sea-throned Kings.

The links in the girdle of Empire—
Love, law, mother-tongue, Britain's fame—
Are clasped here and clinched for ever,
By us with His Mother's name.

THE TROUBADOUR OF SPRING

ONE moment, from black-purple cloud,
Shrills through the wood of bone-white limbs,
The bitter East : then sweet and loud,
And full of faith and fearless, swims
The wildest of the thrush's hymns.

High on the summit of the larch,
He mocks the storms that round him beat ;
Breasts all the bitterness of March,
Because behind the driving sleet
He hears young April's dancing feet.

He sees, beyond the present gloom,
The hawthorn in white broidery drest,
Primrose and daffodil in bloom,
And, lit by sunlight from the West,
The blue eggs in his lady's nest.

He sings, and over all the earth,
On waters wild, in forests drear,
The men who share his English birth,
See, through a sunlit April tear,
All that once was, still is, most dear.

Softer the stock dove's drone may be,
The bard of eve more sweetly sing,
The lark's be Heaven's own minstrelsy ;
From England's Heart *his* brave songs spring,
She hails him Troubadour of Spring.

Take all the songs for aching ears,
For wearied brains and hearts that long,
But leave me in my waning years
The voice I loved when I was strong,
The challenge of the thrush's song.

THE WORTH OF THE PRIZE

An American publication seriously debated the value of a discoverer's success to him, should he succeed in reaching the North Pole.

SHAME on this pitiful cry, 'How much will the prize be worth

In dollars and cents to the seaman who wins to the Furthest North ? '

Sea that was nurse to our nation, that cradled us, buried our dead,

Are the men that we breed to-day such men as our best days bred ?

Can it be that as we wax older, our hearts, like the earth's, grow cold,

And we put a price on the priceless, and sell what men never sold

When the song they loved was the humming
of unknown seas at their keel,
When travel was no mere drumming, when the
noblest metal was steel,
When the peers of earth's northern races were
clean from the market's mud,
And the price of a nation's honour was paid
not in coin but blood ?

Not for a hireling's wages were the triumphs
of Britain won,
More She cared for the Doing, than the gain
of the Deed when done ;
Those who first made us a nation, when man
was no mere machine
(With a Stock Exchange quotation) to gather
with hands unclean
The profits of scheming and lying, believed to
their hearts' last throb

A man's life was better than dying a multi-millioned snob.

The strength that is ours, O Sea ! we drew from
thy generous breast.

True lover who asks no fee, companion who
knows no rest,

Sing us our nursery song to draw us as then
you drew

When your ways were yet to find, and the
ravens of Norway flew

In the wake of our wandering ships, when our
heroes' eyes were bright

Not with the greed of gold, but with varying
deep sea light,

When the cheeks of our men were red, not
with the strong wind's flame,

But the kisses of her they loved, the sea bride
they could not tame.

Nothing they knew of markets or the miser's
sordid joys ;
When their beards grew white with weather,
they died with hearts like boys'.

What will the prize be worth? Did the men
of the ' Mayflower ' dream
Of your seventy million men, and your blatant
eagle's scream ?

They scattered what they had gathered to
follow a Holy Grail,
Leaving the things that perish for the faith in
which none fail.

They steered for the great unknown, for the
sake of a simple creed
Which taught that their God would find all
things that a man should need.

They were bred so free, your fathers, that they
would not serve their sire ;

And ye, will ye only venture when ye weigh
and count your hire ?

When the god we served was Odin, the price
we asked was fame,

But we learned of a higher courage and bent
to a Nobler Name ;

We learned that to perfect manhood fame
smacked too much of price,

That the crown of the Anglo-Saxon was mute
self-sacrifice.

Surely ye lay up treasure where the mean man
may break in ?

Surely ye choose a contest in which mongrel
folk must win ?

Back ! from the feet of Mammon to the knees
of your fathers' God.

Back ! from the market byways to the trails
your kinsmen trod.

The world's map is your ledger ; write there as
your fathers wrote,

Wherever a man could clamber, wherever a
ship could float.

Is it better, think ye, to grovel, to gather The
Thing Accurst,

Or die in touch of the World's last goal,
beggared, forlorn, but *first*?

SEED CORN

‘ It’s but for a year or two, sweetheart ; a year,
at the utmost twain,
And then, rich with the gold of our getting, we’ll
sail back home again.
It’s six days over the ocean, and six over
mountain and plain,
And who that had courage to venture, ever
adventured in vain ?
The may will be sweet in the meadows, and
welcoming hands will wait
To cling to our hands, my darling, when we
drive to the old white gate.

It is only a twelve days' journey ; it's only a
twelvemonths' play ;
It's May, and the hope time, Mary ! It will surely
be always May.'

• • • • •

The waves sang them, ' Westward to fortune ; '
but somewhere a seamew cried,
' Farewell to you, seed corn of England.' Closer
she clung to his side—
Through gloom of forests gigantic, by the wan
gray waves of the lake,
She answered their ' Never, never,' with ' Only
a year for his sake.'
With a laugh for long years she laboured,
making pretence to play
At the ' chores ' that withered her beauty and
wore her young heart away,
Until Hope crept into the forest, and one who
lurked at the door

Heard a wife to a husband whisper, 'Only a
year or two more.'

The years stole past whilst they laboured
unnoticed on moccasined feet,

And one by one to the silence passed the
comrades they longed to meet,

Till the lad and lass who started with a cheer
from the old white gate,

Had they come home crowned as victors, would
have won their crowns too late.

The lines came into his forehead, and the spring
went out of his stride ;

The blue was washed from a woman's eyes,
the laugh of a young heart died.

If you fix your eyes on the sky line, you see
not the road you roam :

These saw but the fields of England, they heard
but the songs of home.

There's a farm where the buffaloes pastured,
 a patch from the forest torn,
Where the flag of his mother country waves
 over the rip'ning corn ;
There's a piece in the world's mosaic, a thought
 in a new world's brain,
A haunting presence of England in city and
 forest and plain ;
There are trails that his feet have trodden.—
 Though she lies under the sod,
The love that she bore for her mother-land,
 her faith in that land's God,
These linger. The seed corn sees not the
 wealth of the waving field ;
The Sower alone at His harvest shall measure
 the cost and yield.

TO DR. GEORGE

GRAY and ghostly willow fringes, flame to
crimson at the tips,

Where a sun that has some heart in, through
the waking forest slips ;

High above us, on Mount Sicker, I can hear
the blue grouse hoot,

Birds are calling, rivers glitter, buds are burst-
ing, grasses shoot ;

On the pine stump, by our shanty, Dawson's
tattered map lies spread,

And my partner with his finger marks the foot-
steps of the dead.

‘Spring,’ he says, ‘mate ; time to quit it, for
the barren lands and hoar,
Where the Earth’s heart freezes solid and the
mighty bull moose roar,

‘Where through silent spaces, silent, reckless
bands of hardfists hold,
By this here map, and the compass, their course
to the northern gold,

‘With a laugh and a curse at the danger, while
down the Arctic Slope,
Are two of the best ahead of the boys, Doctor
George and Hope.’

Hope she has fooled us often, but we follow her
spring call yet,
And we’d risk our lives on *his* say so, and steer
the course he set ;

Down the Dease and the lonely Liard, from
Yukon to Stickine,
There's always a point to swear by, where the
little Doctor's been,

Who made no show of his learning, but, Lord !
what he didn't know
Hadn't the worth of country rock, the sub-
stance of summer snow.

I guess had he chosen, maybe, he'd have quit
the noise and fuss
Of cities and high palavers, to throw in his lot
with us.

He'd crept so close to nature he could hear
what the Big Things say,
Our Arctic nights and our Northern lights,
our winds and pines at play.

He loved his work and his work-mates, and all
as he took for wage
Was the name his brave feet traced him, on
Northland's newest page.

That, and the hearts of the hardfists, though
I reckon for work well done,
He who set the stars for guide lights will keep
him the place he won ;

Will lead him safe through the passes, and
over the Last Divide,
To the Camp of Honest Workers, of men who
never lied,

And tell him, the boys he worked for say,
judging as best they can,
That *in lands which try manhood hardest, he was*
tested and proved a man.

A BARBARIAN'S LITANY

'FROM battle and murder, and sudden death,
Save us, good Lord,' the preacher saith,
And the people pray, 'Amen.'

From the long slow rot of a coward's peace,
When knaves run riot and sins increase ;
From the breed of deceitful men ;

From a church whose priesthood is too polite
To damn the wrong and uphold the right,
Or give men a clean-cut creed ;

Not a murmurous muddle which choirs intone,
But the words of the Thunder written on stone,
Plain laws for plain men to read ;

From a world where the lowest come uppermost,
Where the voice of Wisdom is drowned and lost
In the howl from the slums and gaol ;

Where ignorance guides ; where told-by-the-head

Majorities lead, and the world is led,
And the dog is wagged by its tail ;

Where Science scoffs at the Creed of Christ ;
Where Virtue is vulgar, and Beauty priced,
And some moneyed cad is the buyer ;

Where damages cover a husband's shame ;
Where the oldest title and noblest name
Is for sale to the Company liar ;

Where the London market 's the final court
To which the kings of the world resort,
Whilst tolerance and compromise

Blur the Commandments and blend the breed
With every rabble whose god is greed,
Whose weapons are fraud and lies.

At the price of battle and sudden death,
Save us, good Lord, here is one man saith ;
Give us back the bloodthirsty man.

Take their arbitrations and cozening words,
Give us back our faith and our fathers' swords,
And let those of us keep who can.

NIGHT ON THE FRONTIER

NIGHT closes in. The thousand lights that
played

Gem-bright and warm upon the daylit sea
Are dead. Ghost clouds with mantles frayed,
Laden with tears, stoop earthwards wearily,
And I, Lord, am afraid.

The pines that were sun-filled, and tuneful

swayed

To the dance music of the merry morn,
Stand stark as men beside a grave new made,
Pointing lean fingers from a world forlorn,
Bidding Man be afraid.

The Sun lied to me. All seemed known and
near,

Earth, Sky, and Sea for me their gifts dis-
played ;

Me, the World's centre, all things held me dear,
They bade me laugh, who should have knelt
and prayed.

How could I be afraid ?

And now ! My lonely littleness ! That cry,
Some homing seabird's, on wan waves delayed
Just at the shadow's edge, is a reply
To my heart's terror. Wherefore have I
strayed

Who am so sore afraid ?

I dare not think. The darkness hems me
round ;
The things I dreamed were lifeless leave their
place,

Speak without voices, move without a sound ;
Crowds that I know not fill all-circling space,
I almost see Thy Face.

Curtained by Life, *they* could not enter in,
The World's narcotics drugged the victim
laid
On the World's altar. The great city's din
Deafened his ears. A glittering veil was
made
For eyes that sight affrayed.

There was one heart that was my own heart's
twin,
No stronger and no greater than my own ;
If I must leave The Known and strive to win,
So weak a thing, to such a vast unknown,
Bid me not come alone ;

But if Thou canst, for feeble feet that err,
Find through the maze of worlds that Thou
hast made,
A trail to lead me back again to her
Who strove to make me love Thee whilst she
stayed,
I *might* not be afraid.

FAILED?

‘FIGHT!’ When the spring sun shone—and,
after hail,

The whole world, braced, felt all the blood
of youth

Surge towards the sun—you fought. Truth
could not fail,

And you relied on Truth.

Silent you fought, when summer sapped your
cheek,

Dried all the dew, and made the song birds
still.

Victory were worthless if the foe were weak,
And you were strong of will.

Wearied you fought, in autumn's failing light,
The losing fight man is not meant to win.
It may be God will otherwhere requite—
Is Truth as strong as Sin?

Still fighting blinded on your loosened knees,
With swordless hands scarce strong enough
to pray,
Whilst Darkness gathered, and through groan-
ing trees
A man's soul passed away.

• • • • • • •

Failed? Ay! You could not win, yet bore the
stress—
Turned not the flood, but stayed awhile the
tide—
Failed where to fail was God-like. Is success
Worth that for which you died?

‘Men did not mark you.’ Do men mark the
coal

Piled in the furnace? It begets the steam
That drives the roaring world towards its goal—
To be, man need not seem.

‘You did not win.’ Did England ever yet
Win the first round? Were you not English
bred?
Time! Back to your Great Second’s knees,
and set
Your eyes beyond the Dead.

‘One man against a thousand!’ Glorious odds!
Think you the gods who watch are less than
men?
If men love stubborn courage, shall the gods
Give you cold welcome, when,

Beaten and broken in a hopeless fight,
Wounds all your winnings, all your boast
‘I tried,’
You stagger from Earth’s darkness to that
light
For which you fought and died?

You were not meant to win. God chose to pay
Your life the price of some position won.
What is it to the soldier, if the day
Sets on his duty done?

And if there be no crown, is that you lost
So priceless, now you see it from your goal?
Is that they won, worth half the work it cost?
You may have won your soul.

ENGLAND'S DAY

WHEN every sea is sounded,
When every land is sown,
Each furthest headland rounded,
Each soaring summit known ;

When the forces of Creation
And the Elements pay toll,
And the stars sing salutation
To the Jack at either Pole ;

When every human burden
Finds an Englishman to bear,
Each quest that gives no guerdon,
An Englishman to dare ;

When all man's laws are stable,
And no man's withers wrung,
When the thousand sons of Babel
Praise God in Shakespeare's tongue ;

When the broken hearts are mended,
And the hungry mouths are fed,
The world's last labour ended,
And woman's last tear shed ;

When we've broken every fetter,
When the world is filled with light,
When there's nothing left to better,
And there's no one left to fight ;

When we've drained the cup of sadness,
Touched the topmost rung of fame,
Taught the world to throb with gladness
At the whisper of our name ;

When all the trails are broken,
And all the wrongs set right,
And all God's message spoken,
Then, Englishmen, Good night.

*THEIR TESTAMENT**Feb. 21st, 1900*

WHY is it that ye grieve, O weak in faith !

Who turn towards High Heaven upbraiding
eyes ?

Think ye that God will count your children's
death

Vain sacrifice ?

Half-mast your flags ! Nay ! fly them at the
head.

We reap the harvest where we sowed the
corn.

See, from the red graves of your gallant dead
An Empire born !

Do ye not know ye cannot cure a flaw
Unless the steel runs molten-red again ;
That men's mere words could not together draw
Those who were twain ?

Do ye not see the Anglo-Saxon breed
Grew less than kin, on every continent ;
That brothers had forgotten, in their greed,
What ' brother ' meant ?

Do ye not hear from all the humming wires
Which bind the mother to each colony,
How He works surely for our best desires
To weld the free,

With blood of freemen, into one Grand Whole,
To open all the gates of all the Earth ?
Do ye not see, your Greater Britain's soul
Has come to birth ?

Do ye not hear above the sighs, the song
From all those outland hearts, which peace
kept dumb :

‘There is no fight too fierce, no trail too long,
When Love cries, “Come !” ’

Can ye beat steel from iron, in the sun ?
Or crown Earth’s master, on a bloodless field ?
As Abram offered to his God, his son,
Our best *we* yield.

And God gives answer. In the battle smoke,
Tried in war’s crucible, washed white in tears,
The Saxon heart of Greater Britain woke,
ONE for all years.

Lift up your eyes. Your glory is revealed.
See, through war’s clouds, the rising of your
sun !

Hear ye God’s voice. Their testament is sealed,
And ye be one.

IN MEMORIAM

A. S. L. (*Rector of Fairford*)

Down the dim aisle through Dürer's window
floats

The laughing sunshine of the early spring,
In floods of colour ; while the throstles sing
As if their very souls were in their throats.

Fair Colne laughs by, and yet the bells swing
slow,

In mourning measure : every head is bent ;
Blinded with tears is every eye ; our Lent
Lingers through Easter ; God, why is it so ?

Year after year, our Easter offerings lay,
Lord, at Thine Altar ; music, flower, and
song,
White lily wreaths, the organ's thunder
strong
To swell Thy praise, O Christ ! on Easter Day.

Year after year, the music of his voice
Told the old story with a poet's fire,
Clothed the old truths with colour, led the
choir,
Taught us 'to worship was but to rejoice.'

As men who gaze into spring's azure sky,
Where some sweet skylark sings far out of
sight,
So stand we gazing, if perchance we might
Hear, though far off, our brother's last 'Good-
bye.'

O sweet dumb lips, which once were gates of
song,

Sing to us still, the while our path is trod
Leading through trouble (it may be) to God !

Where thou art gone before, we pray to be ere
long.

RUSSIAN SONG

YE rippling waves of golden corn, full ears,
And reapers singing merry 'mid the grain,
Be still, nor move these heavy eyes to tears ;
What once brought joy, now brings me only
pain.

Whilst she still lived, sweet soul, now shrined
in heav'n,
Labour was sweet—alas ! 'tis bitter now ;
Wealth worthless if to her it is not given ;
Then rest, ye reapers—labourers, leave the
plough.

Ah me ! there is no light upon the sheaves,
The music of the summer breeze has fled ;
In summer's place are winter and dead leaves—
Why *should* I labour still, while love lies
dead ?

*LONELY I WANDER**February 21, 1900*

LONELY I wander, while the white road glistens
In flinty brilliance through the mists afar ;
Still is the Night : the very Desert listens
For some God's voice—star whispering to
star.

In royal calm Night sweeps along the sky,
In silver clouds the dreaming Earth is set ;
Peace reigns supreme : mine is Earth's only
sigh.
What do I wait for ? What do I regret ?

I wait for nothing. Having drained Life's lees,
I hope for nothing : nothing I regret.

I only ask to lie beneath the trees,
To pass through dreams to lands where men
forget.

I ask for Sleep—for Sleep, but not for Death ;
Not that chill silence which is this Earth's
doom,
But Slumber, warm with life, stirred by sweet
breath,
A summer slumber in the greenwood's gloom,.

Where some girl's voice sings to the drowsy
ear
Songs of young love—low songs whose
slow refrain
The green leaves murmur through the endless
year—
' Dreams without waking ! Love without
love's pain.'

*THREE TABLEAUX**Isolation*

‘Dreaming she sat, while every tide that turned
Bore to her feet rich wares from over seas ;
But though her hearth fires ever brighter burned,
Her strong sons wandered from the Mother’s knees,
Until, with half a world beneath her throne,
The Mother stood or seemed to stand alone.’

The Gathering

‘’Twas Envy’s chance, and the red sword of War
Shadowed the Throne. A jealous world grew dumb,

Waiting the blood-red setting of our star ;
But ere her proud lips deigned to whisper,
“Come,”
From all earth’s quarters—north, south, east,
and west,
The Eaglets gathered round the Eagle’s nest.’

Imperial Federation

‘Ay ! fly the dear old Flag—let trumpets
sound !
Those who would crush the rose, have clasped
its thorn ;
They came to break ; and but more surely
bound—
To slay, and saw a Greater Britain born,
Whose boast is this—all ancient boasts above—
Stronger than swords of steel are bonds of
love.’

TABLEAU

(Girl dreaming in picture gallery—sleeps—ancestors step out of frames and dance minuet.)

I WONDER if it's really true that you are only
paint,

That every beau's an angel now, and every flirt
a saint ?

The river sings its old song ; the moon begins
to set ;

The night is sweet, as nights were then, with
rose and mignonette.

The very floor beneath my foot once knew your
flying feet,

When you were all a man should be, and you,
dear, all that's sweet.

I wonder if I really am, and if you only seem ;
Or if it's really you who wake, and really I who
 dream ;
And if when all the house is dumb, and men in
 sleep forget,
You dance your stately dances still, gavotte
 and minuet.

THE BLOOMING OF THE ROSE

I HEARD a voice that babbled round the world,
Saying that England's rose would bloom no
more ;
That England's Union Jack was furled,
And England's manhood rotten to the core ;
That if She called, Her children would not come.
I heard no answer—English lips were dumb.

I heard a voice that cried from over sea
Of English Esaus, outlanders who make
New worlds, saying, ' We would be free :
Will you not answer, Mother, for our sake ? '
And still no voice, but the dumb lion stirred,
And watching nations whispered, ' She has
heard.'

Aye, She *had* heard, and all Her lion brood
Moved in their lairs, and there were hurrying
feet
On the long trails that run throughout the wood,
While from Earth's edges to the Judgment
Seat
Came voices crying, 'We who rule the sea
And teach the lands, shall not our sons be free ?'

And then the Red Rose bloomed, and the world
woke
To see the thorns in which our Rose is set ;
The patient silence of our Britain broke
And blossomed into flame—the bayonet
Drove up the heights, as drives a northern sea,
Strong as our people, as our people free.

We seek not fame. Earth has no higher rung
For English feet to climb to. O'er our Dead

Waves and the winds of all the world have sung
The master songs of triumph—all is said
When on the headstone of her noblest son
England has written these two words, ‘Well
done.’

Ye cannot see the wind that moves our ships,
The blood of Earth that makes our roses red,
The pride beyond all speech that seals our lips,
The height beyond men’s hope of England’s
Dead ;
And can *ye* measure, *ye* outside our gate,
The love of Britons that makes Britain great ?



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